

Verses Old and New

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN. An Interpretation. By Francis P. Le Buffe S. J. The Macmillan Company.

LITTLE POEMS FROM THE GREEK. By Walter Leaf. Robert M. McBride & Co.

THE FIRE BIRD. By Gene Stratton Porter. Doubleday, Page & Co.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE. By Christopher Morley. George H. Doran Company.

THE LITTLE BOOK OF SOCIETY VERSE. Compiled by Claud M. Fuess and Harold C. Stearns. Houghton, Mifflin Company.

WOOD NOTES. By Mildred Whitney Stillman. Duffield & Co.

LUTE AND FURROW. By Olive Tilford Dargan. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE BOOK OF THE TUESDAY EVENING CLUB. Princeton University Press.

DEVICES AND DESIRES. By Francis C. MacDonald. Princeton University Press.

SONGS OF A DREAM. By Alfred James Fritchey. Published by the Author; Los Angeles.

THE SILENT CHORD, AND OTHER POEMS. By John Dimpfel. The Stratford Company.

SONG AND DREAM. By D. W. Newsum. The Stratford Company.

AFTER HOURS. Poems by J. L. Forwood, M. D. Press of the Chester (Pa.) Times.

MYRRHA; a Tragedy. By Charles V. H. Roberts. Four Seas Company.

FATHER LE BUFFE has made an "ascetical and Scriptural interpretation" of Francis Thompson's famous poem, "The Hound of Heaven," as a contribution toward a wider understanding of that poignant exposition of what the commentator recognizes as "the one outstanding and outstanding fact in

the history of mankind—the insistent love of God." He finds it autobiographical of the soul of man, everywhere and always, for the more its thought is studied the more inevitably its cadences accuse every reader of its direct application to himself. In a closely written "Introductory Essay" Father Le Buffe stresses this "outstanding fact," and in extended notes he considers many separate lines with careful scholarship. The text of the poem is printed twice, once in the body of the book and again on a long leaf folded for convenient reference with the notes.

In a finely printed little volume of translations of Greek epigrams Mr. Walter Leaf has included part of his "labor of love" undertaken as relief from the anxieties of wartime, a work which has been rooted in Mackail's "Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthologies." A few pieces have been added since the publication in the Loeb Library of Paton's edition of the whole anthology. In his choice of meter, Mr. Leaf found that he must break away from the dominant elegiac couplet, and he has chosen that which seemed best suited to the subject, since a reproduction of Greek poetry in English should, perforce, be guided by the "dominant" practice in English verse, which is what he has done. "Rime," says he, "I have held to be essential; whatever the future of *vers libre* may be, it has not the past which we need in rendering the antique."

He has arranged the pieces in three periods, from early times to the end

of the Persian wars, the Athenian ascendancy, and the supremacy of Alexandria; this third period is further subdivided. Of several ascriptions by Plato to Stella, here is one:

My Stella star-gazing! Would I could be
The heaven, with many eyes to gaze
At thee.

By Theodorides, "On a Tomb by the Shore":

I am a shipwrecked mariner;
But good voyage to you;
For when I sank the other ships
All came safely through.

Here are the opening lines of Meleager's "Epitaph" for Heliodora:

I send thee, Heliodora, to pass to thee below,
My tears, the last sad gift to Death
that Love may yet bestow
On thy tomb for my libation fall my
bitter tears and hot
Of unforget affection, of yearnings
unforgot.

Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter's long narrative poem of "The Fire Bird" has the tragic motive of an Indian maiden's jealousy of a rival maid from the North, and the confession is made of three separate attempts upon that rival's life. The third was successful, but the triumph was short lived. The retribution followed so surely that never for an instant did the jealous girl find happiness. Mrs. Porter has written the poem in unrimed cadences of varying line lengths, and the result is an effective reflection of the nature and life of the primitive people in whom her interest has been fostered by years

of association. Gordon Grant has drawn three illustrations printed in colors, and Lee Thayer contributes several decorative drawings for the end spaces.

The erudition of Mr. Christopher Morley is one of his longest suits. The present collection of his justly admired "Translations from the Chinese" is printed in good big type with plenty of room at the bottom of the pages for any possible shifting of feet necessary. The cover of Chinese wallpaper would be enough to sell the book even if it contained no such arrow of Apollo as

BURROWING LIKE A MOLE.

What is the difference

Between a Fried Egg

And a Freud Ego?

The same (my dear) as between

An Omelet

And Hamlet.

There is much more of sly wisdom tactfully dispensed, and an eight page dedication to Mr. Pearsall Smith quite in the best McFee manner.

The two compilers of "The Little Book of Society Verse" admit, in their preface, that there are many such books now in existence, but they went doggedly on before their divine urge, and made another one, which does not pretend to be "either authoritative or all-embracing." Many of the accepted treasures are there, and if some of the later lyrics seem to give short measure, it is probably because they felt like it. And the general "kind of thing" is well shepherded into this pretty little book.

courage the reader who is not downcast by many disappointments in his search for "the gleam" in the wilderness of printed poetry-books. Mrs. Dargan is fortunate in having a farm in North Carolina, where she can "follow the useful plow" alternately with her impulse to "follow Apollo." Space does not permit quotation of any of the many sympathetic and imaginative pieces with which she has enriched the poetry harvest of the year.

"The Book of the Tuesday Evening Club" contains a selection from poems read to each other by members of a club of young people at their occasional meetings in Princeton. It contains much of pleasant emotional record and enough fancy to flavor it agreeably.

"Devices and Desires," by Francis C. MacDonald, is a collection of poetry partly reminiscent of travel and in part subjective and philosophical. Much of it may be re-read with genuine pleasure.

It is not readily to be seen why anybody printed "Songs of a Dream," by Alfred James Fritchey, and "The Silent Chord," by John Dimpfel.

"Song and Dream," by D. W. Newsum, is a volume of serious verse which does more credit to the writer's heart than to his head. "Myrrha, a Tragedy," by Charles V. H. Roberts, is a wordy blank verse dramatic attempt in five acts, founded on historical incidents in Nero's Rome. Agrippina speaks her famous line, and almost everybody is killed. There are "four full page illustrations" by

Terribly Intimate Portraits

TERRIBLY INTIMATE PORTRAITS. By Noel Coward. Boni & Liveright.

POPULAR methods of treating figures prominent in political or social life as well as the less modern memoirs of English and French "favorites" are burlesqued by Mr. Coward in his "Terribly Intimate Portraits," and he has made a book that is amusing and useful too, for while away that odd half hour. The sketches may best be taken in installments—with generous intervals between each, for there is a certain sameness about them, although it must be admitted that they vary in entertainment value as the film critics call it.

Mr. Coward lays himself open to indictment on two counts: He has not made the most of an idea that should have resulted in a volume as side splitting as, say, "The Queen of Sheba," another burlesque of the day, and at times he becomes tiresome as he repeatedly harps upon one motif or source of jest. However, this latter objection can be overcome so far as the reader is concerned by taking the book according

to the prescription suggested above. Then, too, it would have been well if the pointless and boring parody of Claire Sheridan's American diary had been omitted. One need hold no brief for Mrs. Sheridan to believe that this first chapter of "Terribly Intimate Portraits" is unnecessary, weak and, yes, impudent.

Incidentally the twelve "reproductions from Old Masters" by Lorn Macnaughton do much to make the book amusing and pleasing.

The thrilling story of the ride to Norwich of "Madcap Moll, Eighth Duchess of Wapping," is one of the most amusing bits in the book:

Her ride to Norwich—show me the man whose pulses do not thrill at the mention of that heroic achievement! That wonderful, wonderful ride—that amazing, glorious *tour de force* which caused her name to be revered and hallowed in every sleepy hamlet and hovel in Old England—her ride to Norwich on Piebald Polly, her thoroughbred mare! On, on through the night—a fitful moon scrambling aslant the cloud blown heavens, the wind whistling past her ears, and the tune of "God Save the King" ringing in her brain, the rhythm set by the convulsive movements of Piebald Polly. On, on through towns and villages, and then

once more the open country—what is that noise? The roaring of waters! Torrents are unloosed—the dam has burst! Miller's Leap. Can she do it?—can she?—can she? She can—and has. Dawn shows in the eastern sky—the lights of Norwich—Norwich at last!

It must be added that the death of the courageous lady occurred at the finish of the ride and also that the author explains in a footnote that "it has never yet been ascertained exactly why Madcap Moll rode to Norwich, but many conjectures have been hazarded."

The story of Maggie McWhistle and how she time and time again concealed Bonnie Prince Charlie from his enemies is also delightful. It seems, according to a historian referred to by Mr. Coward, that it was the proud boast of Miss McWhistle that she never hid his highness in the same tree twice.

There were many occasions (Mr. Coward, biographer, tells us) in which she was able to prove herself a heroine for his sake. She would conceal him up the chimney or in the oven at the slightest provocation. Soon there were no trees for miles round in which she had not hidden him at one period or another.

Poor Maggie—perchance she is finding in heaven the peaceful rest which was so lacking in her life on earth. For legend hath it that she never had two consecutive nights' sleep for fifteen years, so busy was she saving Bonnie Prince Charlie.



Julie de Poopinac.

Mildred Whitney Stillman's book of verses, called "Wood Notes," is made up of sundry pleasant rimes published in various periodicals.

"Lute and Furrow," Olive Tilford Dargan's latest collection of her spontaneous and moving verse, is of the quality which goes far to en-

Blanche Brink, "After Hours" is a stout volume of the poetical relaxations of Dr. Jonathon L. Forwood of Chester, Pa. Dr. Forwood is eminent as a surgeon and has many friends in Chester and elsewhere. His poetry (as one gathers) was written to please himself.



Love Scientifically Considered

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND LOVE. By Andre Tridon. Brentano's.

THE subject of love, according to Mr. Tridon, has been obscured hitherto by poets and their ilk and distorted by puritans; and the time has come for a consideration of it from a purely scientific standpoint. It is, he believes, no longer an animal affair, nor, on the other hand, an angelic relation; and the best thing to do at the present time is to find out "what levels it has reached, to explain some of the difficulties it encounters in trying to remain on that level, and finally to suggest to men and women of to-day, workable modes of adaptation at that level." The only science qualified to undertake that task is, in his opinion, psychoanalysis, "for it has effected in the last twenty years a synthesis of all the data which biology, neurology, endocrinology and other sciences have contributed to the knowledge of human psychology and human behavior."

Although giving full credit to Freud as a pioneer in this field, he believes that the originator of psychoanalysis has attached too much importance to the sex urge, to the exclusion of equally important in-

stincts. Adler, who early departed from the Freudian hypothesis and emphasized the importance of ego cravings, has, Mr. Tridon thinks, in many instances offered more plausible explanations of modes of human behavior than Freud. On the question of jealousy, for instance, explained by Freud as solely a manifestation of the sexual impulse, the author holds that it is more frequently due to ego cravings. "The guttural custom in India, the various wills left by western men and women, providing that the surviving spouse shall be disinherited if he or she married again, shows," he says, "that jealousy has little to do with love, sexual or affectionate. That posthumous jealousy is a distinct attempt at controlling one's 'property' after one's death, whether the property be a woman or a certain sum of money."

Organic predisposition is given something more nearly like its proper place in the authors analysis. After summing up the discoveries of the endocrinologists, he points out the effect of these findings upon the theories of both the older psychologists and the early psychoanalysts: "Until the study of the ductless glands was given the importance we

attach to it to-day, the word personality denoted a set of attitudes which many psychologists considered as mainly voluntary and amenable to 'moral suasion' and other forms of pedagogical approach of the individual. When we read the works of Freud, Jung, Adler, Ferenczi and their disciples, we never receive an intimation of the role which the endocrines may play in molding the human personality. . . . Endocrinology strikes now the last blow at those theories, one of which by the way was Freud's romantic hypothesis of the "sublimation."

The groundwork of the author's interpretation of love remains, to be sure, psychoanalysis. The importance of the habits acquired in infancy and childhood within the family circle and how these habits determine the choice of a mate are explained, in the major part, by the theories of Freud and Adler. The book is stimulating, clear, and might very well serve as an introduction to the subject of psychoanalysis. The solution of marital happiness, according to Mr. Tridon, necessitates, among other things, economic freedom for women and the cooperation of the ego as well as the sex cravings in men and women.